

STATIC



WMWC's Official Newsletter
volume 3 issue 3 March April 1994

Static

Dear readers,

Static has made a few changes: Bryan Tucker is now acting in the thankless role of Assistant Editor and Tom Palmer has been given the task of drawing our demented graphics. Some changes have also been made over at the station. You will undoubtedly have noticed that we have cut our DJ pool in half and auditioned those who are now on the air. We hope that this and the continued efforts of the hard-working WMWC staff will provide you with quality programming.

Kiss noises,

Jamie Jacques Wasserman

WMWC OFFICERS

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Maureen Duane:	Music Secretary
Kelly Huston:	Arts Management
Bryan Tucker:	Ass't Static Editor
Jen Peterson:	Publicity

**"I'm not just
the static editor,
I'm also President
of the hair club
for men"**



**Jamie
"wish I was
Christian
Slater"
Wasserman**

Alethea →
Christon

Static Magazine volume 3 issue 3 March April 1994

"Voice of a Generation" Curt Cobain Dies
Static proudly presents
the 1994 Nominess
for new "Voice of a Generation"

Artist Nominee	Musical Message
1. Violent Femmes	1. life sucks, but who cares
2. The Cure	2. life sucks, I love it
3. Depeche Mode	3. life sucks, but we don't
4. Dwarves	4. we suck
5. Beck	5. huh?
6. NIN	6. life sucks, fuck you
7. Pearl Jam	7. we suck but buy our album anyway
8. Madonna	8. I suck

And the winner is... Live! with their musical message
"Mary Washington College Sucks"

Jamie's Quick Picks

Laid

JAMES

Every once in a while an album comes along that breaks new ground, sets new trends in music history and becomes a defining ground for greatness. This isn't it. James is at his best when he's at his simplest- catchy, repetitive and fun. Apparently, on his second album, however, he tried to show his audience another side of himself- that he too can write self-absorbed, whining, alternative garbage. And that's just what *Laid* delivers. Brian Eno had a hand in production on this one and his canned, computerized "music" runs rampant on this album, especially on "Out to Get You" and "One of the 3." And what's bad music without bad lyrics? Check out "Dream Thrum" and "Everybody Knows" for some of the most incomprehensible lyrics written since "Louie Louie." It's a shame that James tried to be something that he isn't- deep, because there are flickers of the old James we've all come to know and hum to. "Laid" is a classic, with "Low low low" and "Sometimes" exhibiting James at his best. Unfortunately 3 tracks out of 14 doesn't save the album. Perhaps James should follow his own voice and "say something, say something..."

UNDER THE PINK

TORI AMOS

Every artist is entitled to an album in which they explore themselves and the cruelty of the world. In *Little Earthquakes*, Tori Amos, produced a classic 'life sucks' album. In *Under the Pink*, she gets redundant, vague, and just a little bitchy. Strike one- Tori takes full use of modern technology by overdubbing her own voice. Strike two- "The Waitress," undoubtedly one of the worst songs ever recorded. Check out inspirational lyrics like "I want to kill this waitress... I believe in peace Bitch I believe in peace." Strike three- The lyrics are vague and disjointed. Even when Tori is ranting and raving she's not quite sure who to rant and rave at; even attacking God in the single ingeniously titled "God." Guess what Tori? You're out. *Under the Pink* seems to trace Tori's obsession with a "nothing," mentioning it in nearly half the songs. Unfortunately, this "nothing" seems to have overtaken Tori and what we are left with is album full of- well, nothing. "Pretty Good Year," "The Wrong Band," "Cornflake Girl," and "Past the Mission" are nice songs but can't save this album. Sorry Tori, once you've found yourself let us know, until then stick with "nothing."

*call WMWC at *4035 between 8 am and 12am
to hear your favorite songs!*

Twisted Tunage
by K.P.C.

Masturbation
song to the tune of Condemnation by Depeche Mode

Masturbation
Tried
Here on the bed
With a Playboy instead
No quilt to disguise

Masturbation
Yes
Hand me a tissue
I ll clean up all my goo
I ll spank it with pride

I, I will stop this
You ll promise me one kiss
And all for your thighs
I t for some luck
You ll give me just one fuck
Please spread them real wide

Mastrubation
Why
Because my honey
She left with my honey
I m left here to die

Masturbation
Lie
You think I ll admit to
This embarassing issue...
It s in your eye

For the past seven years
Been spewing all my fears
I hold back no tears
If for some luck
You ll give me just one fuck
Please spread them real wide

Curt Cobain Dies of Self-Inflicted Shotgun Wound!!!

can you match the other rock stars with how they died?

a. Mama Cass

b. Jim Morrison

c. Jimi Hendrix

d. Janis Joplin

e. Elvis Presley

f. Syd Barret

g. Sid Vicious

h. Stephanie Sargent

i. Anthony Wood

j. Trent Reznor

1. heroin overdose

2. Southern Comfort

**3. not dead yet, but its
inevitable**

4. overdose of medication

5. choked on a chicken bone

6. heart failure

7. choked on his vomit

8. heroin overdose again

9. yet another heroin victim

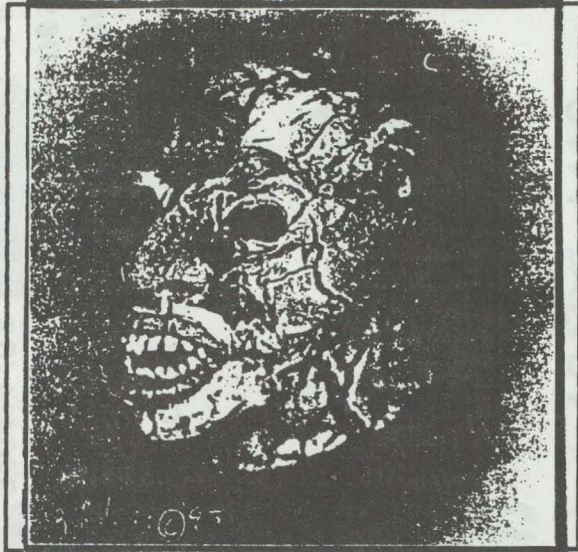
**10. went crazy and is now a
vegetable (from heroin I
think)**

Arthur Robins' Demons

He refuses to sell his artwork, "It would be like selling an arm or leg, something that is such an intricate part of me." The artist is Arthur Robins, his studio loft is located in the heart of the art district in SoHo. Thousands of sculptures, sketches and vivid paintings fill every inch of his loft.

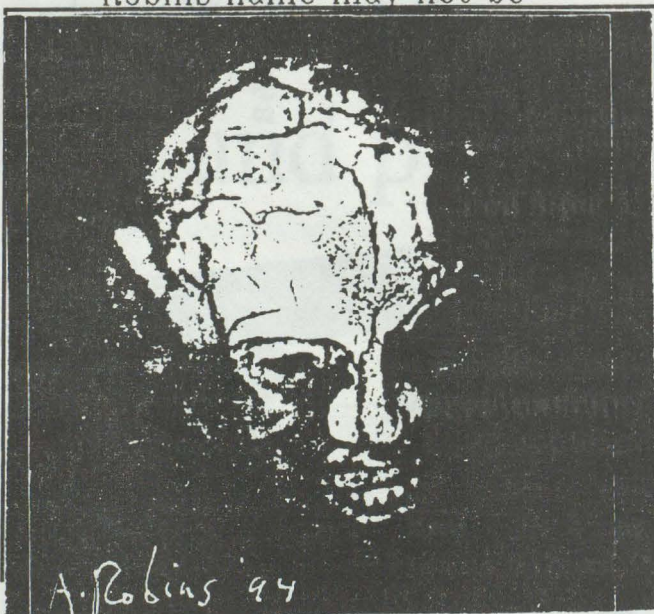
"I've been painting for nearly 10 years," said the late 40 something artist. "Art allows me to wrestle with my demons. Everyone has their demons, my art just allows me to not be afraid of them. We need to start living with our demons rather than fearing them. Everyone has demons."

Robins name may not be



a familiar one, but just wait. His work ranges from religious to surrealistic; moody, passionate and very alive. His paintings could be described as a modern-day extension of Edvard Munch, only more driven and intense.

Mr. Robins makes his living by selling prints of a select number of his paintings and by offering private instruction. He also offers free advice on anything from love to business. Mr. Arthur Robins may be contacted at:
304 Bowery 2nd Floor
New York, N.Y. 10012



One in three girls and one in five boys will
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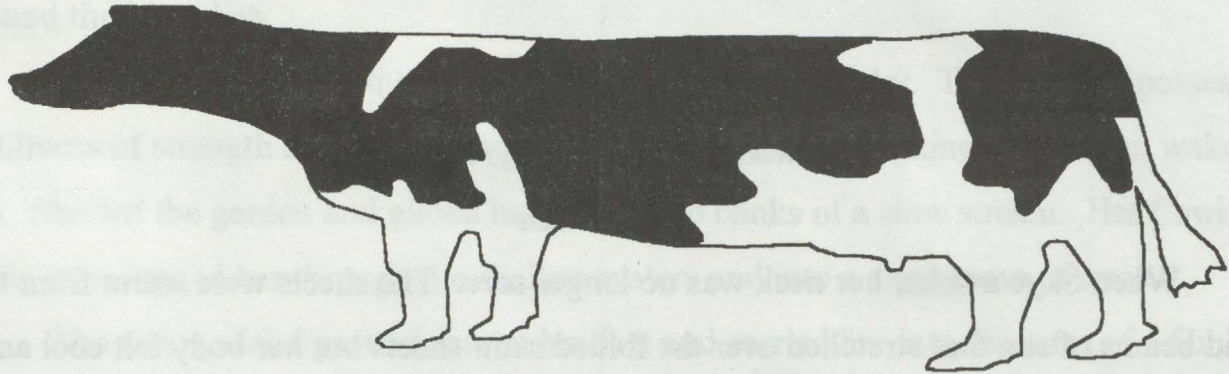
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- ✓ *medical and legal advocacy*
- ✓ *educated information and referrals*
- ✓ *support groups for survivors and their loved ones*
- ✓ *professional workshops and trainings*
- ✓ *fulfilling volunteer opportunities*

Reach out to others in our community.

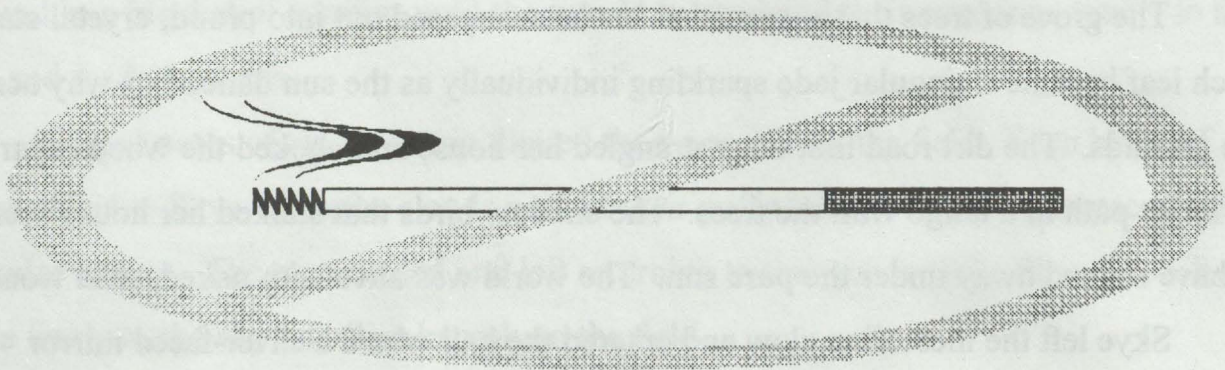


CALL RCASA today, we can help 371-1666!!

Eat Red Meat



Smoke Cigarettes



... and piss everyone off!!!



Short Story Corner

featuring Christie Dunn

An Awakening

"To awaken, you must first go to sleep..."

-Alex Holden

When Skye awoke, her neck was no longer sore. The sheets were warm from the solid beams of sun that stretched over the folded satin sheets but her body felt cool and light. The picture window that surveyed Skye's oaken bed yawned a hazy, azure sky. Tresses of flaxen strands curled and cooed around her neck, coming to life as she left her bed to lean out into the glowing world.

The grove of trees that surrounded her house spread out into proud, crystal statues. Each leaf became a singular jade sparkling individually as the sun danced its way across the grounds. The dirt road that once strangled her house and choked the woods sparkled its moist path in a tango with the trees. The shadow birds that stalked her house seemed to have burned away under the pure sun. The world was alive with naked, wild wonder.

Skye left the mescaline glow and entered the hall where a silver-faced mirror glistened back at her. Her steps were smooth and soft, her figure felt rounded and light. Her face was a lit with the earth, her skin tightened and raced with the sun.

Skye felt a total part of the present; her soul flew with the breeze. She could not, however, remember the events of last night. Skye's memory had flown into the night. Her past was like a dream, lodged in a remote corner of her brain somewhere, trapped by the gray matter that ebbed and surrounded her. Her past had escaped her but the nagging well of her fears tugged from somewhere behind the depths of her rich, jade eyes.

Skye left the house, her toes sinking deep into the plush green. She walked through the crimson garden that rolled with the wind and let her eyes sink into the bough of the ancient oak that guarded her house. A twisted and gnarled rope had intertwined itself around the branches.

Skye looked back to the house, through the trees and sky. The moment possessed a stillness of strength and pride. Faces flittered in and out, laughing in the calm wake of life. She left the garden and glided her way to the banks of a slow stream. Her flowing white robe tugged her through the shallow waters and into a clear grove of trees.

The soft, padded ground rose at her feet and carried her into the arms of a familiar smile. No words were exchanged between this delicate fairy or the hazy figure, but Skye laughed deliciously as he led her into the plush forest.

Beams of sunlight eluded the trap of total darkness and fallen leaves covered the ground in a blanket of comfort until the woods surrendered their coverings totally to the sun and its dependents.

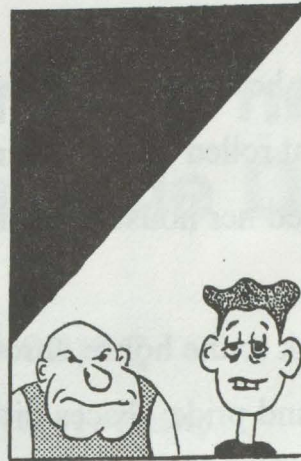
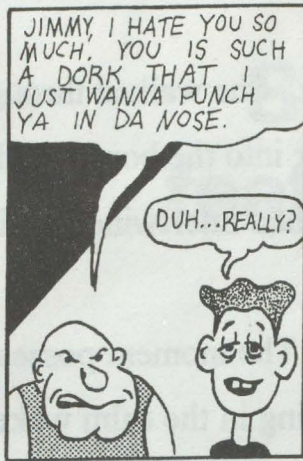
Coated notes of tender music filtered their way across the field. Each blade of grass called to Skye while the clouds peeked their puffy billows to get a glimpse of this singular beauty. The man smiled and left returning to the woods while Skye threw her arms freely to the sky and flew happily to the field.

Love was all around, and at each and everything that touched her she became more alive. Warm moist droplets sent a comforting shiver through her small frame and Skye threw her head back to heaven and laughed at peace with herself and the world.

The truth of the world is always lost in the constant turning and spinning. Life slowly melts away from us every day, but Skye had stopped it, frozen the earth and discovered its love. Let the world slowly dissolve and the people fall away, Skye would always have the rain and sky, the trees and life and most importantly Love.

ROCCO AND JIMMY

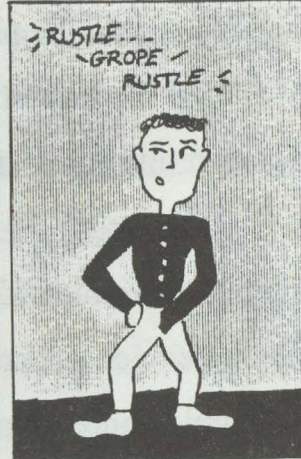
TOM PALMER



TP'94

THE MAD EXHIBITIONIST

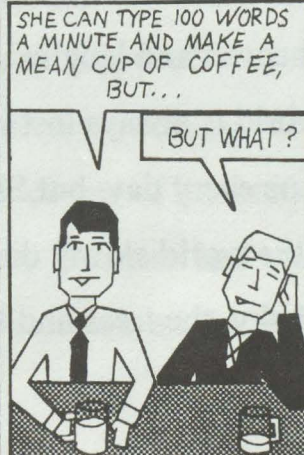
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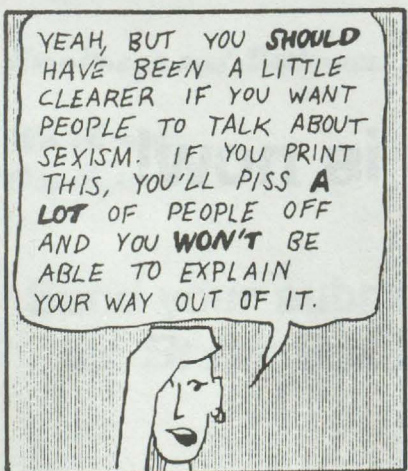
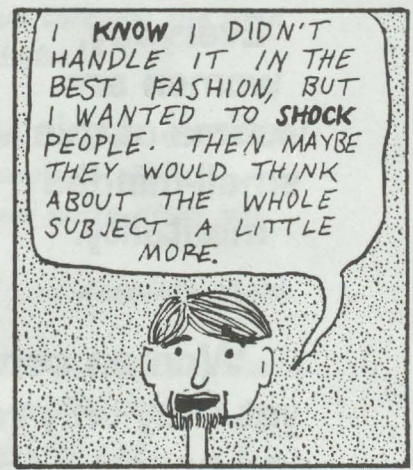
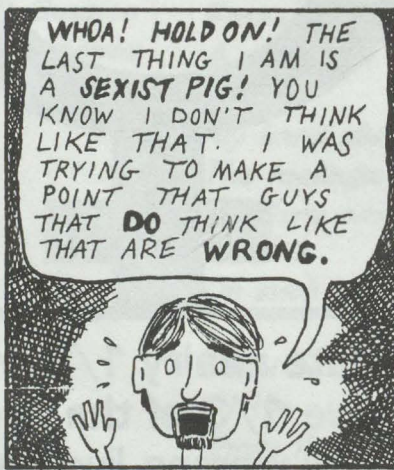
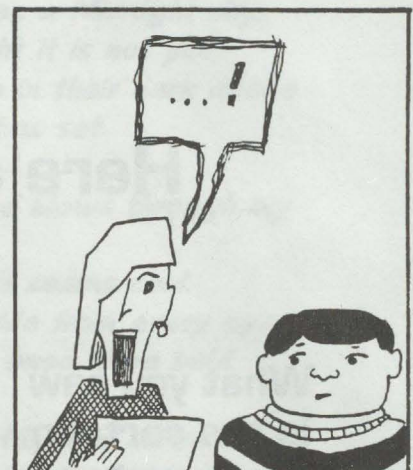
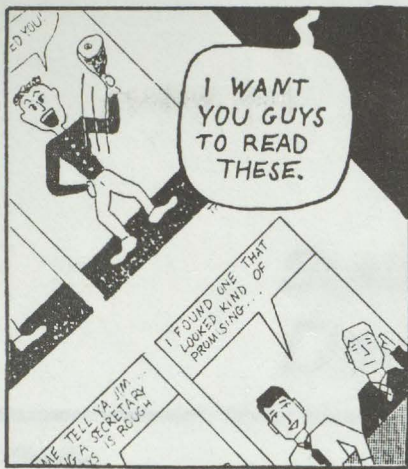
TP'94

TWO ASSHOLES AT A BAR

TOM P



TP'94



STOP!

This isn't funny!!

Here are the simple facts...

**What you saw
in the cartoon
is real.**

**Everyday,
women are
victims of this
small-minded
mentality.**



**It is time to
stop laughing
and start
making a
difference.
Seek out your
nearest
women's rights
group today!**

**Women constitute nearly 1/2 of the workplace...
yet they only receive 1/3 of the average males' salary
and nearly 2/3 of all women live below the poverty line.**

The time for action is now!.

Static's Featured Poet: *Daniele M. Santillo*

Smile

*When the light at the end of the
tunnel*

*Dims to a dark blackness,
When the fire in your soul
Cools to a frozen lump,
When the train of happiness
Comes to an abrupt halt,*

*Only then can you understand my life,
My soul,
My mind.*

*Only then will you realize
That life is empty,
And, thus, my soul has left its illusion
And embraced the entropy that takes
us all.*

*No false hope,
No failed dreams,
No hate,
No love,
No pain,*

No life.

Thus, I am.

Emptiness and Darkness.

*We all are.
Goodbye*

**Send your submissions
to: *Static* Box 2093**

Reflections Upon a Midnight Sky
*Reflections upon a Midnight sky,
Though Midnight it is not yet.
The stars shine in their dark abode
After the sun has set.*

*The chill of wind blows through my
veins.*

*The Earth itself seems cold.
Dark secrets hide from every eye
But those who once were bold.*

*Sound grows still; Life slows down.
The ocean is at calm.
Frozen air blows through the land,
A poison or a balm.*

*My hand shakes, my pen distorts
The feelings I seek to write.
But how can one write what one
feels
On such a cold and desolate night.*

*I hold no fear, but pure acceptance
Of the world in which I live.
From this world I did rise,
My life I then shall give.*



**"Resurrection
isn't reserved
solely
for gods"
-Alex
Holden**

Mmmm, mmmm! Oh my
god! Oh my god! This issue's
so hot! Oh my god! I'm gonna
bust a nutt!
Uhhhhhhhhhhhh....

**A Private Moment
with
Assistant-Editor
Bryan Tucker...**

Static wants you!
Our mailbox is empty and you got
just what we need to fill it. Send in
your art, poetry, thoughts, or nude
photos to box 2093.



Answers to "Rock stars and how they died"

- a. Mama Cass choked on a chicken bone
- b. Jim Morrison died of heart failure (but don't worry, he'll be back)
- c. Jimi Hendrix choked on his own vomit
- d. Janis Joplin ended her liver and then her life with SoCo
- e. Elvis "The King" overdosed on the throne on medication
- f. Sid Barret is now a vegetable thanks to heroin
- g. Syd Vicious pioneered death by heroin for rock stars
- h. Stephanie Sargent followed in his footsteps
- i. Anthony Wood followed Steph to the pearly gates
- j. Trent reznor isn't actually dead, but give him time

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